

I remember him teasing me because I worked so hard in the kitchen. At night I'd cook enough for the next three days. He said I couldn't compete with him, but a few days before he killed himself he sampled everything I'd cooked that day and said it was "all good."

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Our "big argument" is easy for me to live with, because there was wrong on both sides. Our next-to-last conversation is harder for me to think about, because it was really a one-sided attack. It was mean. I was angry with Adam over something trivial. He had been angry himself with the staff. I think with Babs for not taking any initiative, and for never cleaning anything, because she was always feuding with Gladys. Her principal work at night was making ten sandwiches for lunch. They were what Caspar called "prison fare," a slice of bologna between two slices of "Wonder" bread slathered with margarine. She had to be told to use up the roast.

Without guidance she would lock things up, put away things we needed to use, post signs telling the tenants what to do, etc. There wasn't any guidance. Adam and I tried to get the manager to stop Babs from locking up the T.V. set in the smoking lounge. Every midnight, shortly after coming on duty, she'd go into the lounge, turn off the T.V., and lock it,